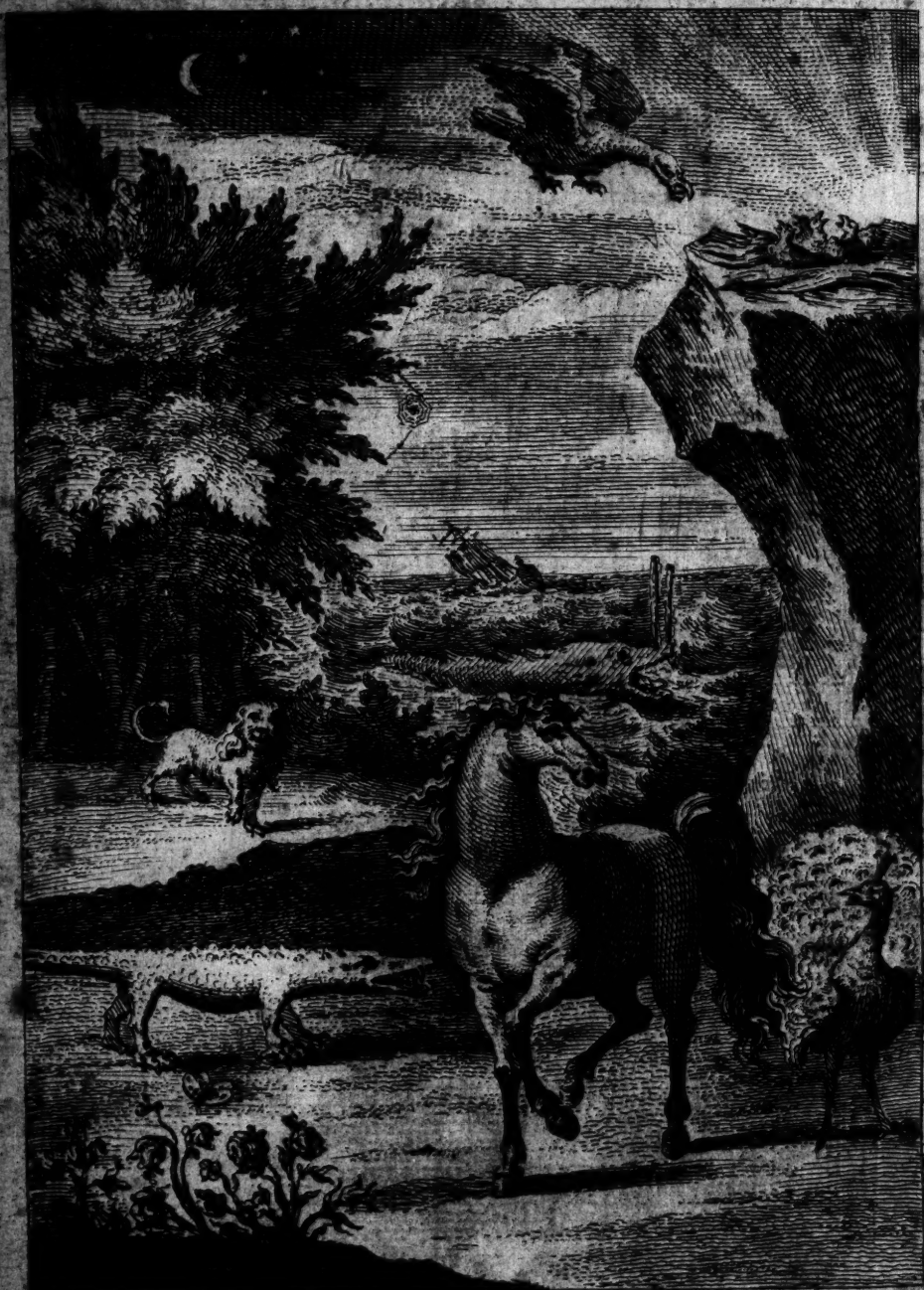




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From the Author. 272. 1/2. 1/4.  
75

THE  
UNIVERSE.

A PHILOSOPHICAL a. 5906  
POEM.

Intended to restrain the PRIDE of MAN.

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*Rex Jupiter omnibus idem.* VIRG.

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By HENRY BAKER,  
*Fellow of the Royal-Society, and Member of the Society  
of Antiquaries, in London.*

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THE SECOND EDITION.

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TO THE  
READER.

**I**T has, too long, been a general, though absurd Opinion, that all the Works of Providence we see around Us, were created only for the Use of MAN. Ignorance and Pride, which first began, have since continued this Mistake; and, being imbibed in Childhood, the early Prejudice of Education has given it such Authority; that to doubt its Truth, will, by many, be accounted high Impiety; tho' the quite contrary, to any one who dares reflect, is so extremely plain, that little more is necessary than to look about us and be convinced.

I am not for displacing MAN from his proper Degree in the eternal Scale of Beings. He is, without dispute, the first upon this Globe: superior Reason making him superior to every other Creature here. But this Globe itself is so inconsiderable, so near to Nothing compared with the Grand Universe, that to be swelled with this small Pre-eminence, and fancy himself therefore the Lord of the whole Creation, is no

*less ridiculous than it would be for the puny Inhabitant of an Ant-Hill, to strut about, and boast that all the Earth was made for him alone.*

*As Self-Love is the inborn Principle of Mankind, so is Pride, its first-begotten, their general Passion. No one lives without it: even the Beggar in his Rags imagines himself of Consequence. Nor is this Passion useless, or to be blamed, but when it over-stretches much beyond the Bounds of Reason: for the Mind is hereby excited to emulate and rise above its Fellows, to gain and to deserve Esteem. The Love and the Respect of Others are the just as well as the wished Reward of every good Action: but, without this Passion, they both would be disregarded, and we should want the strongest Motive to encourage Us onward in the Pursuit of Vertue.--In short, MAN has a Post assign'd him in the Creation, and that no ignoble one: he is of Consequence, and ought to believe himself so: but, to fancy the Whole was design'd for him alone, is no better than downright Madness.*

*I thought the readiest way to check this Folly, would be to sketch out a Plan of the Universe; that, by considering the Grandeur of the Whole, MAN might be made sensible of his own Littleness and Insignificance, except in the very Place he stands. When he views the*  
Heavens,

*Heavens, and considers their Immensity, the Number, the Distance, the Largeness and the Brightness of the Orbs which roll about him, can a Man be then so vain to cry, all these are his? or, if he looks at home, and surveys the Earth, stored with innumerable Species of Animals, all formed with exquisite Beauty and Exactness, and supplied with every Requisite to make them rejoice in their Existence; will there not appear some better Reason for all this, than meerly to supply his Luxury, and give him Subjects whereon to exercise his Power?--Do not the Insect Kinds, formed in the utmost Perfection, (the greatest part of which are to his naked Eye invisible, and almost all of them useless to him,) plainly say, they were not made for him?---How little either of the Heavens or of the Earth is he acquainted with! and how imperfect is his Knowledge even of that Little which he thinks he knows!*

*Mean and ridiculous is that Idea of the DEITY which limits his Care to MAN: but how must the Soul be filled with Amazement, and Love, and Adoration, that considers him as the impartial Parent of the whole Universe, and equally extending his Beneficence to every One of all his Creatures, according to the Rank it bears. The primary Intent of the Almighty in the existence of every Being must have been*

*to make it happy, and the Relation in which it stands to every other Creature is only such as is most conducive towards the Felicity of the Whole. Every Individual was made principally for its own Sake, the meanest Insect as well as the proudest Monarch. We all are Fellow-Creatures.*

*The following Piece is a Hint only of what I judged would be a noble Subject for a larger Poem; and if thereby some able Genius may be excited to undertake it, my Pains have been well bestowed. In the mean while, I hope this Sketch may not be intirely useles, to set forth the Omnipotence, Wisdom, and Goodness of the Creator, by a general View of his Works; a way I thought most likely to curb the Pride of MAN.*

*I have advanced Nothing but what the Discoveries of the Learned have made most reasonable to believe. The Notes subjoin'd will, I hope, both vindicate me and entertain my Readers.*



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THE  
UNIVERSE.  
A  
POEM.

Intended to restrain the PRIDE of MAN.

THY Works, Eternal Power by whom  
she sings!

The *Muse* attempts, and tunes the sounding Strings:  
To Heav'n and Thee her Adoration raise,  
And form the Song devoted to thy Praise!

Around thy Throne, the Creatures of thy Hand  
Spirits immortal, rang'd in Order stand,  
Attend thy Nod, fulfil thine high Command: —  
And what is MAN, who dares dispute thy Sway?  
A crawling Worm! an Insect of a Day!

B

Vain

Vain Wretch! toward Heav'n direct thy wond'ring  
Eyes:

Behold the Sun, array'd with Glory, rise.  
Night and her gloomy Train before him fly :  
His Race begins: He blazes through the Sky.  
Oceans of Light he pours upon the Plains,  
And forth to Labour calls the jovial Swains.  
All Nature smiles, rejoycing in his Beams :  
The Fish skim, sportive, o'er the gilded Streams :  
The feather'd Kinds their Morning Anthem sing,  
And soar aloft, exulting on the Wing:  
Their tow'ring Tops the waving Forests shew,  
The Meadows glitter, spangl'd o'er with Dew :  
The op'ning Flowers their various Dyes display,  
Perfume the Skies, and welcome in the Day.

Again; observe him in his Noon-tide Hour :  
Learn thy own Weakness, and his mighty Pow'r.  
When all the Cattle panting leave the Plain,  
And seek the shades, canst thou his Heat sustain?

Does

*The* UNIVERSE.

Does he not make thy very Marrow fry?  
Canst Thou behold him with a stedfast Eye?  
Why dost thou turn and hide Thee from his Sight?  
Is he, indeed, unsufferably bright?  
Think then, how glorious must that Pow'r be  
Whose Hand has form'd ten thousand such as he!

See, to the West, he downward bends his Way,  
Looks kindly back, and gives a milder Ray:  
The Clouds around him, beautiful to behold,  
Blush with Carnation Streaks, and flame with Gold.  
Home from the Fields the hungry Swains repair:  
The whist'ling Shepherd folds his bleating Care:  
The Birds, in Couples, seek the gloomy Groves,  
And droop their Heads, forgetful of their Loves:  
The Bat in wanton Circles flutters round:  
The sparkling Glow-worm glitters on the Ground:  
Night draws her sable Curtains o'er the Plain,  
And Silence re-assumes her awful Reign,

Sleep over all expands her silky Wings,  
Care finds Repose, recruited Vigour springs,

Now Eastward turn; lo, thence serenely bright,  
The full-orb'd MOON diffuses Silver Light;  
In solemn State begins her silent Round;  
The lengthen'd Shadows tremble on the Ground;  
From the cool Skies the balmy Dew distills:  
The Meads rejoyce: the waving Harvest fills,  
Onward she leads along her sparkling Train,  
In order marshall'd, o'er the azure Plain:  
On Earth, benign, bestows her borrow'd Ray,  
Dispels the Gloom and emulates the Day.  
The Nightingale from every Thicket sings,  
And tow'rd some Grot the Owl directs her flagging  
Wings,

Observe, obedient to their Maker's Pow'r,  
Both SUN and MOON know their appointed Hour:  
Where

Where he commands their glorious Light dispenſe,  
And as he wills exert their Influence.

Along the Skies the SUN obliquely rolls,  
Forſakes, by turns, and viſits both the Poles.  
Diff'rent his Track, but conſtant his Career,  
Divides the Times, and meaſures out the Year,  
To Climes returns where freezing Winter reigns,  
Unbinds the Glebe, and fructifies the Plains.

The crackling Ice diſſolves : the Rivers flow :  
Vines crown the Mountain Tops, and Corn the Vales  
below.

When he appoints, the horned MOON renews  
Her waining Light; and her whole Viſage ſhews :  
Fulſils her Courſe in Circles yet unknown,  
And cheers Mankind with Luſtre not her own.—  
Pale Terror flies before her friendly Ray,  
The Traveller, benighted, finds his Way;

Her

Her destin'd Rule o'er Ocean she presides,  
And pours upon the Shores the lagging Tides.

Come forth, O Man, yon azure Round survey,  
And view those Lamps which yield eternal Day.  
Bring forth thy Glasses: clear thy wond'ring Eyes:  
Millions beyond the former Millions rise:  
Look farther:—Millions more blaze from remote  
ter Skies.

And canst thou think, poor Worm! these Orbs  
of Light,

In Size, immense, in Number, infinite,

Were made for Thee alone to twinkle to thy Sight?  
Presumptuous Mortal! can thy Nerves descry  
How far from each they roll, from Thee how high?  
With all thy boasted Knowledge canst thou see  
Their various Beauty, Order, Harmony?  
If not, — then sure they were not made for Thee.

What is this EARTH, of which thou art so proud?  
 Lost and unknown, in the more glorious Crowd,  
 A Point it scarce appears. — † E'er it begun  
 The rest their Courses have, —  
 And shall, when it's no more, for endless Ages run.

Correct

† That this *Globe* whereon we live, hath, in its present State, existed but some few thousand Years, both *Scripture* and *Reason* sufficiently evince. This we may learn from the slow Progress of Arts and Sciences, from its not yet being fully inhabited, from all *History* and *Monuments* of *ANTIQUITY* whatsoever, and from the fresh Remembrance we still have of the *Golden Age* or first State of Nature; which appears so much plainer as we descend to the more early *Writers*, that we can almost trace out its Origine. But, on the other Hand, we have no Reason to imagine all the other *Orbs* around us to be of so late a Date; for supposing the *Sun* and *Planets* in this our *System*, to have been disposed in their present Order, or created all at the same Time, (which is the most can justly be contended for) what Inference can we bring from hence, that all the other heavenly Bodies must have been so too? Bodies so remote from this Earth of ours, that we can neither reach them with our Eye nor our Imagination, and which can no more be influenced by our *Globe*, than a Man at *Rome* can be jostled by one at *London*: And we might as well maintain, that all the People now living were born at the same Minute, as that the whole Universe was created at the same Time. This erroneous Opinion proceeds from the *Vanity* of *Mankind*, in imagining these innumerable immense *Bodies* to have taken their Beginning, only to fill up the Train of Attendants on our earthly Spot; and that the sole Design of their Creation was to be of use to Us, whereas the least Consideration may serve to prove how very few are to Us of any use at all.

Our *Glasses* discover innumerable more *Stars* than we can discern with the naked Eye; and still the better our *Glasses* are, the more we find out, lying beyond the other, and so on, for any thing

Correct thy awkward Pride, be wise, and know  
 Those glitt'ring Specks Thou scarce discern'st below,  
 Are founts of Day, stupendious Orbs of Light,  
 Thus, by their Distance, lessen'd to thy Sight.

Now

thing we know, indefinitely and inexhaustibly. From whence then this vain Opinion of our selves? May we not more justly suppose these glorious *Orbs*, inhabited by those numberless Orders of more glorious *Beings* which are betwixt *Us* and our Creator? (For surely, there are more *Gradations*, more *Ranks* of *Beings* betwixt *Us* and God Almighty, than there are betwixt *Us* and the meanest *Insect* we know,) and as we cannot, with any shew of Reason, imagine all these glorious *Beings* were created at the same Time with our selves, neither can we believe their *Habitations* to have been formed at the same Time with this of ours; but by a Parity of Reason must suppose them to have been created as long before our World as these other *Beings* have existed before Mankind.

MOSES in his Account of the Creation (GENESIS Chap. 1. verse 16. *God made two Lights: the greater Light to rule the Day, and the lesser light to rule the Night,*) seems to imply as much: for he is here describing whatever was created at the same Time with this *Earth* of ours, and the two great *Lights* here mentioned, can only relate to this solar *System*, since they are far from being Great, if considered with the other *Stars*: for the *Sun* itself, if not less, is no bigger certainly than many of the fixed *Stars*; and a very small Knowledge in Astronomy will convince any one, that the *Moon* is less, without Comparison, than any fixt *Star* discovered by the naked Eye. As to his subjoyning, *He made the Stars also*: it indeed attests God to be the Creator of all Things, but seems, at the same time, to insinuate their former *Creation*; as if he had said, After this manner God created the *Earth*, and made two great *Lights* to give Light unto it, even the same God who had created the *Stars*. And in the 17th and 18th Verses, where it is said, *God set them in the Firmament of Heaven, to give Light upon the Earth,*

Now, if Thou canst the mighty Thought sustain,  
If it not akes thy Soul, and racks thy Brain,  
Conceive each STAR Thou seest another SUN,  
In Bulk, and Form, and Substance like thine own.

Here pause, and wonder! — then reflect again.  
Almighty Wisdom nothing makes in vain :  
The smallest Fly, the meanest Weed we find,  
In its Creation had some Use assign'd,  
Essential to its Being, still the same,  
Co-eval, co-existent with its Frame.

C

With  
*Earth, and to rule over the Day and over the Night, and to divide the Light from the Darkness: still is meant only the Sun and Moon, as may be learnt from Verse the 14th, And God said, let their be Lights in the Firmament of the Heavens; to divide the Day from the Night: and let them be for Signs, and for Seasons, and for Days and for Years; which every body must acknowledge can be meant of nothing else but the Sun and Moon, since they alone are the Causes of these Divisions; so that, GOD made the Stars also, serves indeed to remind Us of his being the Creator of all Things, but can never imply, that the Whole Universe was created, or disposed of in its present Order at that same Time.*

That there are frequent *Changes*, and perhaps new *Creations* amongst the *Celestial Bodies*, is more than probable, from the *Disappearing* of several *Stars*, and the new *Appearance* of others, which have been observed in different *Parts* of the *Heaven*, almost in every *Age*; and if we may have leave to guess, were *old Worlds* destroyed in some *Places*, and *new Ones* created in others.

Since

And can those everlasting Founts of Light,  
 Bodies immensely vast ! divinely bright !  
 Serve for no End at all ? — or, but to blaze  
 Through empty Space, and useless spend their Rays ?  
 Consult with REASON. REASON will reply,  
 \* Each lucid Point which glows in yonder Sky,  
 Informs a System in the boundless Space,  
 And fills, with Glory, its appointed Place :

With  
 Since then this *Orb*, (with all the *Planets* of our *System*) was  
 created much later than many of the other *Heavenly Bodies*,  
 we have no Reason to believe the rest shall partake of all the  
*Revolutions* it must undergo. Whatever shall become of it,  
 (for that it must change its present Appearance, the very Na-  
 ture of Things does clearly evince) the rest will still roll on in  
 their appointed Courses, till the same God, in his allotted  
 Time, shall make them also undergo *Changes* appointed for them.

\* That each *fixed Star* we see is a *Sun*, round which a Set of *Pla-  
 nets* take their regular *Courses*, and are from thence enlighten'd,  
 as those of our *System* are by our *Sun*, is an Opinion now so  
 generally agreed to by the learned World, that it is almost need-  
 less to endeavour its Defence. They shine by their own Light 'tis  
 certain : since 'tis not possible the Light of the *Sun* should be sent  
 to them, and transmitted again to Us. For the *Sun's* Rays would  
 be so dissipated, before they reached such remote Objects, that the  
 best Eyes in the World could not thereby discover them. We see,  
 for all his Bulk, how faintly *Saturn* shines in respect of the *fixed  
 Stars* ; and yet his Distance from the *Sun* is but a Point compar'd  
 with that of the nearest of them. Their Distance is so immense,  
 that the best Telescopes shew them but as meer *Paints*, instead of  
 magnifying them, as they do any Objects within a measurable  
 Distance, how great soever. Mr. *Huygens* computes, that the *Sun*

Dis

With Beams, unborrow'd, brightens other Skies,  
And Worlds, to Thee unknown, with Heat and  
Life supplies.

Heed well this Orb, where Fate has fix'd thy Lot:  
Seest Thou one useless or one empty Spot?  
Observe, the Air, the Waters, and the Earth,  
Each Moment give ten thousand Creatures birth.  
Here, ev'ry Place, so far from lying waste,  
With Life is crouded, and with Beauty grac'd:  
Nor can those other Worlds, unknown by Thee,  
Less stor'd with Creatures, or with Beauty, be.  
For God is uniform in all his Ways,  
And every where his boundless Pow'r displays:  
His Goodness fills immensurable Space,  
Restrain'd by Time, nor limited to Place:

C 2

His

Distance from the *Earth*, to the Distance of the nearest *fixed Stars* is as 1 to 27664: according to which, the nearest *fixed Star* is distant from Us, at least, 2,404,520,928,000 Miles. A Cannon Ball would spend almost 700,000 Years in passing through this Space, even with the same Velocity it goes from the Cannon's Mouth.

Then, since the *fixed Stars* are at such immense Distances, and shine by their own Light, 'tis plain they must be *Bodies* like our *Sun* in Size and Glory. Nor are they all placed in one concave Surface

His Wisdom form'd great Nature's mighty Frame,  
And rules by Laws eternally the same.

Where's now thy Pride, which, lately dar'd to say,  
The STARS were only made to light thy Way,  
And all the UNIVERSE thy Pleasure to obey?  
What impious Madness urg'd Thee on to call  
Thy self the sole and sov'reign LORD of all?  
If such Thou art, let some plain Proof be shown,  
And make thine Empire o'er thy Vassals known.  
Bid the Sun shine: command the Winds to cease:  
Make the Rains fall: or chide the Seas to peace.  
What! are these deaf? — once more exert thy Sway:  
Try which of all thy Subjects will obey;  
Enjoin the Tyger to refrain from Blood,  
Or bid the Crocodile provide thy Food.  
These know their King, perhaps, and will comply.--

Hail, mighty Lord! — what! does the Monarch  
fly? Un-

Surface of the same Sphere, and equally distant from Us; but  
spread every where through the *indefinite Expanse*, and as far from  
one another as this Sun of Our's is from the nearest of them.

Were

Unhappy Prince! whose impotent Command,  
 The meanest of thy Vassals dares withstand,  
 And wrest the Sceptre from thy feeble Hand.

BEING of BEINGS! Self-existing ONE!  
 Eternal FIRST! supreme! before thy Throne  
 O bend my Soul with Adoration down!  
 Whilst, all amaz'd, thy Wonders I survey,  
 Grant me to learn thy Will, and what thou wilt  
 obey!——

Nor grievous is the Task: for still we find  
 Man's Happiness is with his Duty join'd,  
 And for Rebellion only Wretchedness assign'd.  
 Nor are thy Laws perplex'd, (as some have taught,  
 With Vanity possess'd, and void of Thought,)  
 But plain and easy. Thou, all-wise and good,  
 Could'st ne'er command what can't be understood:  
 Like some mad Tyrant, of his Power proud,  
 Who joys to punish, and delights in Blood.——

Much

Were we removed from the *Sun* as we are from the *fixed Stars*,  
 the *Sun* and *Stars* would seem alike: Our *Planets* would not be  
 seen at all, their Light being much too weak to affect Us at such

Much diff'rent are the Maxims of thy Reign:  
 Not one, of all thy Creatures, can complain:  
 Almighty tho' Thou art, thy Pow'r is shown  
 By infinite Beneficence alone,  
 And Mercy sits, triumphant, on thy Throne.  
 From ev'ry Coast there lies a Road to Heaven,  
 And thou to All a faithful Guide hast giv'n,  
 A safe Director to point out the Way,  
 Whom, while they follow, none can ever stray.

Hail, sacred REASON! glorious! and divine!  
 Bulwark eternal of Religion's Shrine!  
 Truth's firmest Friend! but Superstition's Foe!  
 To whom our whole of Happiness we owe!  
 What thou command'st, O! let me still obey:  
 And joyous follow, where thou lead'st the Way!

Sprung from the Earth, a Creature proud and vain,  
 MAN struts his Time, then sinks to Earth again.

Though  
 a Distance, and all their *Orbits* would be united in one single  
 Point. Hence a *Spectator* who is near any one *Sun*, will only  
 look upon that as a *real Sun*, and the rest but as so many glit-  
 tering *Stars* fixed in his own Heaven or Firmament.

Though all around ten thousand Wonders rise,  
Or Pleasure casts a Mist before his Eyes,  
Or Cares of Wealth his groveling Soul employ,  
Or wild Ambition is his darling Joy,  
While God's amazing Works unheeded pass,  
Like Images that fleet before a Glass.

Unwise! and thoughtless! impotent! and blind!  
Can Wealth, or Grandeur, satisfy the Mind?  
Of all those Pleasures Mortals most admire,  
Is there one Joy sincere, that will not tire?  
Can Love it self endure? or Beauty's Charms  
Afford that Bliss we fancy in its Arms? —  
Then, let thy Soul, more glorious Aims pursue:  
Have thy CREATOR and his WORKS in view:  
Be these thy Study: hence thy Pleasures bring:  
And drink large Draughts of Wisdom from it's Spring:  
That Spring, whence perfect Joy, and calm Repose,  
And blest Content, and Peace eternal flows.

Observe

Observe how regular the **PLANETS** run,  
 In stated Times, their Courses round the **SUN**.  
 Diff'rent their Bulk, their Distance, their Career,  
 And diff'rent much the Compass of their Year:  
 Yet, All, the same eternal Laws obey,  
 While God's unerring Finger points their Way.

First **MERCURY**, amidst full tides of Light,  
 Rolls next the **SUN**, through his small Circle bright.  
 All that dwell here, must be refin'd and pure:  
 Bodies like ours such Ardour can't endure:  
 Our **EARTH** would blaze beneath so fierce a Ray,  
 And all its Marble Mountains melt away.

Fair **VENUS**, next, fulfils her larger Round,  
 With softer Beams, and milder Glory crown'd.  
 Friend to Mankind, she glitters from a-far,  
 Now the bright Ev'ning, now the Morning Star.

More

More distant still, our EARTH comes rolling on,  
And forms a wider Circle round the Sun:  
With her the MOON, Companion ever dear!  
Her course attending through the shining Year.

See, MARS, alone, runs his appointed Race,  
And measures out, exact, the destin'd Space:  
Nor nearer does he wind, nor farther stray,  
But finds the Point whence first he roll'd away.

More yet remote from Day's all-cheering Source,  
Vast JUPITER performs his constant Course:  
Four friendly MOONS, with borrow'd Lustre, rise,  
Bestow their Beams, benign, and light his Skies.

Farthest and last, scarce warm'd by *Phæbus*' Ray,  
Through his vast Orbit SATURN wheels away.  
How great the Change, could we be wafted there!  
How slow the Seasons! and how long the Year!

One *Moon*, on *Us*, reflects its cheerful Light :  
 There, five Attendants, brighten up the Night.  
 Here, the blue Firmament bedeck'd with Stars,  
 There, over-head, a lucid *Arch* appears.  
 From hence, how large, how strong the Sun's  
 bright Ball!

But seen from thence, how languid and how small!—  
 When the keen North with all its Fury blows,  
 Congeals the Floods, and forms the fleecy Snows,  
 'Tis Heat intense to what can there be known :  
 Warmer our Poles than is its burning Zone.

Who, there inhabit, must have other Pow'rs,  
 Juices, and Veins, and Sense, and Life than Ours.  
 One Moment's Cold, like their's, would pierce the  
 Bone,  
 Freeze the Heart-Blood, and turn Us all to Stone,

Strange and amazing must the Diff'rence be,  
 'Twixt this dull *Planet* and bright *Mercury* :

Yet

*The* UNIVERSE.

Yet Reason says, nor can we doubt at all :  
Millions of *Beings* dwell on either Ball,  
With Constitutions fitted for that Spot,  
Where Providence, all-wise, has fix'd their Lot.

Wond'rous art Thou, O God, in all thy Ways !  
Their Eyes to Thee let all thy Creatures raise ;  
Adore thy Grandeur, and thy Goodness praise.

Ye Sons of Men ! with Satisfaction know,  
God's own Right-Hand dispenses all below :  
Nor Good nor Evil does by chance befall ;  
He reigns supreme, and he directs it all.

At his Command, affrighting Human-kind,  
COMETS drag on their blazing Lengths behind :  
Nor, as We think, do they at random rove,  
But, in determin'd Times, though long Ellipses move.  
And tho' sometimes they near approach the Sun,  
Sometimes beyond our *System's* Orbit run,

*The* **UNIVERSE**

Throughout their Race they act their Maker's Will,  
His Pow'r declare, his Purposes fulfil,

'Tis He alone sustains this ORB in Air :  
Its Creatures breathe by his paternal Care :  
His Goodness does their daily Food supply,  
And if he but with-holds his Hand, they die.

'Tis he within due Bounds the Floods restrains :  
He swells the Brooks which murmur o'er the Plains,  
And from the Mountains pours the seasonable Rains.

He gives the Word : the blust'ring Winds arise :  
On Billows Billows mounted storm the Skies.  
The foaming Surges rage along the Shores,  
For Help, in vain! the Mariner implores :  
Seas urg'd by Seas with boundless fury roll,  
And Oceans Oceans drive from Pole to Pole.  
But at his Nod the roaring Tempests cease,  
And all the warring Elements have Peace :

Ocean,

Ocean, submissive, smooths her furrow'd Face,  
And each subsiding Wave finds its appointed Place.

By him the Seasons change, the Vapours rise,  
The Dews descend, and Thunders rend the Skies :  
He bids the Lightning give the fatal Stroke,  
Burn up the Fields, or give the knobbed Oak.  
With feather'd Snows he whitens all the Plains,  
And sends the Frosts to bind the Floods in Chains.  
By him the Groves renew their fallen Leaves :  
By him the joyful Hind binds up the Golden Sheaves.  
'Tis He with juicy Clusters loads the Vine,  
And gives the Press to over-flow with Wine.  
From him the FLOW'RS receive their beauteous Dyes,  
From him with various Odours fill the Skies :  
He with vermilion Blushes paints the Rose,  
He the Carnation's Elegance bestows,  
Its glittering White to him the Lilly owes.  
'Twas he first ting'd the Violet with Blue,  
And all its Glories on the Tulip drew.

Behold

Behold the Forest TREES, a beauteous Scene!  
 Diff'rent their Structure, various is their Green:  
 The graceful Pine, the princely Cedar rise,  
 Proud Sons of Earth! and lift them to the Skies,  
 In colder Climes, their stately Heads as high,  
 Fierce Winter Storms the stubborn Oaks defy;  
 With Loads of Acorns over-spread the Ground,  
 And see their Offspring rising wide around.  
 Behold their leafy Tops, how fair they show!  
 Know'st thou the Laws whereby their Juices flow  
 Upward 'gainst Nature's Course? What Pipes convey  
 Those gen'rous Streams which make them fresh and  
 gay?

Does this seem strange?-- much stranger yet remains,  
 Nothing brings forth but what itself contains:  
 'Tis Nature's constant Law that ev'ry Thing  
 From Parents like itself, in order, spring:  
 She no spontaneous Production knows,  
 But Life, in regular Progressions, flows.

Each

Each Seed includes a Plant: that Plant, again,  
Has other Seeds which other Plants contain :  
Those other Plants have all their Seeds, and Those  
More Plants again, successively, inclose.

Thus, ev'ry single Berry that we find,  
Has, really, in itself whole Forests of its Kind,  
Empire and Wealth one Acorn may dispense,  
By Fleets to sail a thousand Ages hence.  
Each Myrtle Seed includes a thousand Groves,  
Where future Bards may warble forth their Loves.  
Thus ADAM's Loins contain'd his large Posterity,  
All People that have been, and all that e'er shall be.

Amazing Thought! what Mortal can conceive  
Such wond'rous Smallness?—Yet, we must believe  
What REASON tells: for REASON's piercing Eye  
Discerns those Truths our Senses can't descry.

From

From Things inanimate withdraw thine Eyes,  
For, wide around Thee, living Wonders rise:  
The various Kinds which cut the briny Main,  
The Forests range, or graze upon the Plain,  
The feather'd Tribes which fly from Land to Land,  
And Insects, num'rous as the Grains of Sand.

All these declare from whence their Being came,  
Their Maker's Goodness and his Pow'r proclaim,  
And call Thee forth, with them, to praise his Name.  
For every Creature does his Bounty share,  
Though Man pretends that He has all his Care.

God gives the Strength whereby the LION reigns,  
And drives the Torrent boiling through his Veins.  
When with his Roar the Desert echoes round,  
And trembling Beasts affrighted hear the Sound,  
He gives the Voice:—his raging Thirst supplies,  
And with sufficient Food his Hunger satisfies.

As

As Light'ning swift, and panting for the Course,  
With Iron Sinews he has arm'd the HORSE :  
Hark ! from a-far the Trumpet's sprightly sound !  
His restless Hoofs, impatient, spurn the Ground :  
He snorts : he foams : Fire flashes from his Eyes,  
And from his Nostrils curling Volumes rise.  
Furious, he grasps the Distance in his Mind,  
Bounds cros's the Plains, and leaves the Winds behind :  
Headlong o'er all he drives, devoid of Fear,  
Mocks at the brandish'd Sword, and scorns the  
lengthen'd Spear.

He gives the tow'ring EAGLE Wings to rise,  
High o'er the Clouds, to pure ethereal Skies.  
Aloft, on craggy Cliffs, she builds her Nest,  
Secure from Foes, with endless Quiet blest.  
Unheard the Surges break upon the Shores,  
And all below, unheard, the raging Tempest roars.  
Hence, wide around, her piercing Eyes survey,  
And far beneath mark out the destin'd Prey :

The red-hot Bolt which splits the sturdy Oak,  
 Scarce flies more swift, or gives a surer Stroke.  
 Her Young are feasted with the reeking Food,  
 And early learn to gorge themselves with Blood :  
 Their Nostrils snuff the Battle from a-far,  
 And they will bend their Flight to where the slaughter  
 tend are.

'Tis he bestows, delightful to behold,  
 The PEACOCK'S Plumes, out-shining beaten Gold,  
 Lo! on the Ground with Scorn He seems to tread,  
 The various Glory waving o'er his Head.  
 Ambitious to be seen, with stately Pace,  
 He stalks, exulting, on the highest Place.  
 Proudly he spreads his Plumes against the Sun,  
 Disdaining by its Beams to be outdone :  
 Green, azure, gold, his dazling Train displays,  
 Each Star emits a glitt'ring Stream of Rays,  
 And all flame forth around with one refulgent Blaze.

Observe

Observe the \* CROCODILE's amazing Length,  
 His Form affrighting, and his mighty Strength,  
 With Scales of Brass encompas'd all around,  
 From him the rattling Javelins rebound,  
 Broken their Points, but guiltless of a Wound.  
 Like op'ning Gates his threat'ning Jaws divide,  
 With Rows of Teeth like Spears on either Side.

E 2

In

\* This Creature being little known, perhaps a Description of it, may not only give light to the poetical part, but also in itself afford some Amusement to the Reader: and therefore I have subjoined such a one, as I could collect from the best Writers.

It is a Creature living both by Land and Water, which from an Egg (not a great deal bigger than a Turkey's) arrives sometimes to eight or ten Yards in Length: for whereas other Creatures have a certain Period to their Growth; this (as 'tis said) still grows bigger to the End of it's Life; which is reported to last 100 Years. Its Head is flat above and below, with Jaws wide enough to swallow a Man whole, a sharp long Snout, full of Teeth, but no Tongue: the Eyes very large, and of a darkish Colour. The Body all of a Bigness, covered on the Back with high Scales like the Heads of broad Nails, of a greenish Colour, and so hard, an Halbert cannot pierce them. Its Tail is long, and cover'd with such Scales as the Back; its Belly white, and pretty tender, being the only Place where it can easily be wounded. It has four short Legs, with five Claws on its fore, and four on its hinder Feet. Contrary to all Creatures (except the *Hippopotamus*) It moves only the upper Jaw in eating. Its Flesh is not poisonous, but insipid. It is a very ravenous and subtle Creature, hiding itself in the Sands, and behind the projecting Banks of Rivers, to watch the Beasts coming to drink, and when any comes within its reach, rushes with it into the Water, and holds it down 'till it is strangled. The only way to escape their Pursuit, is by flying in Circles, for their Body being of a vast Length, requires some time to turn about; but directly forward they can run with great Swiftmess. Their Weeping is a Fable. It lays its Eggs in the Sand to be hatched by the Sun's Heat.

In Ambush on the River's Bank he lies,  
Thirsting for Blood: around he rolls his Eyes,  
With Hunger pain'd: — What can his Fury stay?  
Dreadful he rouses up, and rushes on the Prey.

While yet an Egg, and cover'd o'er with Sand,  
His Parents left him, helpless on the Strand,  
What Pow'r, but God's alone, could give him Birth,  
And raise the Monster crawling from the Earth?

The WHALE to Him owes that enormous Size,  
Which makes the Seas in foaming Mountains rise,  
Urg'd on by him the Billows braye the Shore,  
And from his Jaws ejected Rivers pour.  
With his wide Tail he drives the Ocean round,  
Whilst hollow Rocks reverberate the Sound.  
High o'er the Floods in State he proudly rides,  
And with his Bulk beats back the flowing Tides:  
Not him the roaring Hurricane affrights;  
He in the Tempest plays, and in the Storm delights.

Whate'er

Whate'er we find around, may justly raise  
 Our Admiration, and command our Praise:  
 Perfection and surprizing Beauty shine,  
 And light our Reason to an Hand divine:  
 Their mighty Maker's over-ruling Care,  
 Wisdom, and Power, his Creatures all declare,  
 Or great, or small they be, in Water, Earth, or Air.

See, to the Sun the BUTTERFLY displays  
 It's glitt'ring Wings, and wantons in his Rays:  
 In Life exulting, o'er the Meadows flies,  
 Sips from each Flow'r, and breathes the vernal Skies.  
 Its splendid Plumes, in graceful Order, show  
 The various Glories of the painted Bow.  
 Where Love directs, a Libertine, it roves,  
 And courts the Fair Ones through the verdant Groves.

How Glorious now! how chang'd since Yesterday!  
 When on the Ground, a crawling Worm it lay,  
 Where ev'ry Foot might tread its Soul away.

Who

Who rais'd it thence? and bid it range the Skies?  
Gave its rich Plumage, and its brilliant Dyes?

'Twas God: — It's God and thine, O MAN,  
and He

In this thy Fellow-Creature let's Thee see,  
'The wond'rous Change which is ordain'd for Thee,  
Thou too shalt leave thy reptile Form behind,  
And mount the Skies, a pure ethereal Mind,  
There range among the Stars, all bright and un-  
confi'd.

From him alone the SPIDER learns to spread  
Her pendant Snare, and twist the slender Thread,  
Careful, she travels, 'till some Place she finds  
Safe from the Rains, and shelter'd from the Winds:  
There, with just Skill, her future Work designs:  
Revolves the Plan: and draws the destin'd Lines,  
Each Part she labours with repeated Pain,  
And often walks the Circle of her Reign:

Compact yet fine the curious Network weaves,  
And forms her dark Retreat behind the Leaves.

On Prey intent, in Ambuscade she lies,  
Till, 'tangl'd in her Snare, she rushes on the Prize,

The lab'ring BEE, by him instructed, knows  
Where op'ning Flow'rs their balmy Sweets disclose.

The rising Sun her daily Task renews:

Wide, o'er the Plains, she sips the pearly Dews.

From Mead to Mead she wanders through the Skies,

And yellow Thyme distends her loaded Thighs.

Each rifl'd Flower rewards her painful Toil,

And her full Hive receives the golden Spoil:

On flagging Wings each Load she thither bears,

And while the Summer smiles, for Winter's Want

prepares.

Nor does the ANT with less sagacious Care  
Improve the bounteous Seasons of the Year.

Of

Of Want afraid, for what the Harvest yields,  
 Thoughtful, she ranges through the distant Fields,  
 No Toil she spares, but labours o'er the Plain,  
 And sweats beneath the Burden of a Grain.  
 Though much she has, she searches still for more,  
 And ev'ry Day adds something to her Store;  
 With wholesome Food her Granaries abound,  
 Nor, unprepar'd, is she by freezing Winter found.

How oft, O MAN, by foolish Pride betray'd,  
 Madly hast thou presum'd, and vainly said,  
 All living Things for Thee alone were made:  
 Their only End thy Pleasure to supply,  
 To live thy Slaves, or for thy Humour die?  
 Whence springs this Claim? When was this Licence  
 giv'n?

What Act ordains Thee Substitute of Heav'n?  
 Does Pow'r confer a Right to take away  
 That Being God bestows? —————  
 So, had they Speech, perhaps would Tygers say.

But

But thou, with Reason, might'st, methinks, conclude,  
That Heav'n, which is not only Great but Good,  
Has nobler Views in its extensive Thought,  
Than just to serve thy Table and thy Sport.

Alas! what's MAN, thus insolent and vain?—  
One single Link of Nature's mighty Chain.  
Each hated Toad, each crawling Worm we see,  
Is needfull to the Whole no less than He.—  
Like some grand Building is the UNIVERSE,  
Where ev'ry Part is useful in its Place;  
As well the Pins, which All together hold,  
As the rich Carvings, or the glowing Gold.

Why did'st Thou murder yonder harmless Fly?—  
Because 'tis Good for Nothing, dost Thou cry.  
The same of Thee, tho' now so vain and gay,  
As justly might superior Beings say:  
And yet Thou liv'st,--to form this impious Thought,  
And set thy Maker's Handy-work at nought.

With Wonder view thy little World around;  
How Life, in various Forms, does ev'ry where abound!  
Earth, Water, Air, with living Creatures stor'd,  
Myriads of Myriads, numberless, afford:  
The rising Hill, the long extended Plain,  
The crystal Flood, the briny raging Main,  
The flow'ry Mead, the corn-producing Field,  
The Forest wide, the frightful Defart wild,  
The over-hanging Rock, the Cavern deep,  
The sandy Beach, the lofty Mountain steep,  
Swarm with Inhabitants.—In ev'ry Clime,  
In ev'ry Season, and at ev'ry Time,  
Each op'ning Flow'r, and ev'ry rising Grain,  
The Life of Thousands does with Food sustain.

Calmly consider wherefore gracious Heav'n,  
To all these Creatures has Existence giv'n.  
Eternal Goodness certainly design'd,  
That ev'ry one, according to its kind,

Should

Should Happiness enjoy : -- for God, all-just,  
Could ne'er intend his Creature to be curs'd.  
When Life he gave, he meant that Life should be  
A State productive of Felicity.

And, though, to kill there may be some Pretence,  
When raging Hunger bids, or Self-Defence :  
No Cause beside can justify the Deed,  
'Tis Murder if not urg'd by real Need.

If the same Pow'r did ev'ry Being give,  
If All for Happiness did Life receive,  
Then ev'ry Thing has equal Right to live.  
And how dares Man, who's but himself a Breath,  
Destroy through Wantonness, and sport with Death!

Extend thy narrow Sight : consult with Art :  
And gladly use what Helps it can impart :  
Each better Glass will larger Fields display,  
And give Thee Scenes of Life, unthought of, to survey.

Assisted thus, what Beauty may'st thou find,  
 In thousand Species of the INSECT KIND!  
 Lost to the naked Eye, so wond'rous small,  
 Were Millions join'd, one \* Sand would over-top  
 them all.

Yet

\* Those experienc'd in Observations on the Insect Part of the Creation; by the help of Glasses, will not charge this with being only a poetical Liberty, but acknowledge its real Truth: And though others, whose Conceptions have never been turn'd that Way, may find it very difficult to apprehend any living Creature so extremely minute; yet I hope the Opinion of the Learned may clear me from any Design of imposing on their Belief.

Mr. *Ball*, in a Letter to Mr. *Bradley*, says, that Water's appearing Green, Red, or Black, proceeds only from Insects of several Kinds and Colours, 3d part *Gardening*, p. 87. "Nor indeed is any Part of the Earth, or Waters; and it may be pure Air itself free from the Seeds of Life, p. 88." But this may better be conceiv'd by the following Note.

Mr. *Bradley* after having given us his Observations on an Insect, which by Computation he found more than a thousand times less than the least Dust of Sand visible to the naked Eye, p. 62. Reflects thus, p. 63. "It is wonderful to consider the several Parts of a Creature even so minute as this, (for the Microscope has discovered much smaller) how small must the Organs of its Senses be, in proportion to it's Body! the Eyes perhaps a thousand times less, and the other Parts answerable to them: May we not then reasonably conclude, that with such Eyes it is capable of discerning others Bodies, which are as minute, and of as distant Smallness to itself as the smallest Creature capable of our Sight is to us? But, alas! how trifling an Object was the Insect I have mention'd in comparison to those discovered by Mr. *Lewenhoeck*, in a quantity of Pepper Water, no bigger than a Grain of Millet, in which he affirms to have seen 10,000 living Creatures; and some of his Friends, at the same time, witness to have

seen

Yet Each, within this little Bulk, contains  
 An Heart which drives the Torrent through its Veins:  
 Muscles to move its Limbs aright : a Brain,  
 And Nerves, dispos'd for Pleasure, and for Pain :  
 Eyes to distinguish ; Sense, whereby to know,  
 What's good, or bad, is, or is not, its Foe.  
 They too are pain'd with Love :—address the Fair,  
 And with their Rivals wage destructive War.

As in the larger World, some live on Prey,  
 Delight in Blood, and solitary stray :  
 Others together herd, by Nature tame,  
 Nor Life destroy to feed their vital Flame.

Each

“ seen 30,000, and others above 45,000, Creatures moving in  
 “ that small Quantity of Water ? Nay, they tell us, that be-  
 “ cause they would be within Compass, they only related half  
 “ the Number that they believed they had seen.

“ Now, from the Greatness of the Numbers mention'd, it is  
 “ inferred, that in a full Drop of Water, there will be 8,280,000  
 “ of these Animalcula, which if their Smallness comes to be  
 “ compared, a Grain of Sand, broken into 8,000,000 Parts  
 “ would not exceed the Smallness of one of these Insects.

“ These Observations of Mr *Lewenhoeck's*, were not only  
 “ confirm'd by the famous Mr *Hook*, but were likewise im-  
 “ proved by him : He tells us, that after he had discovered  
 “ vast Multitudes of those Animalcula, describ'd by Mr. *Le-*  
 “ *wenhoeck*, he made use of other Lights and Glasses, and  
 “ magnify'd

Each Kind, by Reason guided, finds its Food,  
 Brings forth its Young, and guards the Infant Brood:  
 In short Excursions shews them how to rise,  
 To poise their Wings, and float along the Skies:  
 Before them lays the Dangers of the Plain,  
 And warns them of the Winds and of the Rain:  
 With Care paternal teaches them to know  
 To save themselves, and to offend the Foe.

Here too, their wise CREATOR has assign'd  
 A different Length of Life to every Kind:  
 These, breathe a longer, Those, a shorter Space:  
 Some very soon have run their destin'd Race;  
 Life, as it were, in Miniature display,  
 Are born, grow old, and die within a Day†.

And

“magnify'd them to a very considerable Bigness; and that  
 “amongst them he discovered many other Sorts much smaller  
 “than those he first saw; some of which were so very mi-  
 “nute that Millions of Millions of them might be contained  
 “in one Drop of Water.”

† The famous Mr. RAY tells Us of an *Insect* which is hatched  
 and dies in one Day, and probably there are many other Kinds,  
 which as yet we know nothing of, whose Life is of no longer  
 Duration. Hence we may naturally reflect, that as we find, by  
 the help of a *Microscope*, that *Quantity* is only computed to be  
*Great* or *Small* in proportion to what *Objects* our Eyes are ca-  
 pable

And yet their Time as long to them appears, O

As Ours to Us, who number threescore Years.

These too their VERMIN have: and Those, again,  
A smaller Round of Life begin. ———

————— But stay! —————

O! whither would unbounded Fancy run? ———

Along a pleasant Road it urges on,

Nor brooks the Rein. —————

No more, my SOUL! thy vain Attempt forbear,

Silent revolve what Thou canst not declare:

Amaz'd, the Wonders of thy God behold,

And meditate his Mercies manifold. O!

pable of seeing without the Assistance of Glasses; so the Idea of Time seems confined to our Understanding by the same Rule, and the Life of that Creature which lives only one Day, may be of the same Length or Duration in proportion to itself, as the Term of an hundred Years is to Mankind: that is, three Minutes of such an Insect's Life is equal to a Year with Us.

“ The Term or Duration of Life, in different Creatures,  
“ is comparatively long or short, according to the Number,  
“ Quickness, or Slowness of Ideas, presenting themselves suc-  
“ cessively to the Mind. For, when the Ideas succeed one  
“ another swiftly, and many of them are crowded into a nar-  
“ row Compass, the Time, how ever short it may be, will  
“ seem long, in Proportion to the Number of Ideas passing  
“ through

O! happy Time, when shaking off this Clay,  
 The human Soul at liberty shall stray  
 Through all the Works of Nature! shall descry  
 Those Objects which evade the mortal Eye!  
 No Distance, then, shall stretch beyond its Flight,  
 No Smallness scape its penetrating Sight;  
 But, in their real Essence, shall be shown  
 WORLDS unexplor'd, CREATIONS yet unknown.

“ through it: on the contrary, when the Ideas are but few,  
 “ and follow one another very slowly, a long Time will ap-  
 “ pear short, in Proportion to their slow Succession, and the  
 “ Smallness of their Number.”

“ From these Principles it is manifest, that one Day may ap-  
 “ pear as a thousand Years, and a thousand Years but as one  
 “ Day: by which means, the Lives of all Creatures, may, for  
 “ aught we know, seem to themselves nearly of the same Du-  
 “ ration. It is at least probable, that something like this  
 “ may really be the Case, as to the Inhabitants of this our  
 “ Earth: For as the same Functions or Offices of Life, viz. to  
 “ be born, seek proper Sustenance, increase in Bulk, arrive at  
 “ full Maturity, propagate the Kind, and die, are equally per-  
 “ form'd by All: They who perform them in a few Months,  
 “ Days, or Hours, may be supposed from the Number and swift  
 “ Succession of Ideas suited to all these Purposes, to live as  
 “ long according to their own thinkings, as other Creatures do,  
 “ where the same Train of Ideas proceeds more slowly and takes  
 “ up many Years. See, *Microscope made easy*, p. 304.

F I N I S

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